

HOME CIRCLE.

(Written for the Knoxville Chronicle.)
MAN'S INHUMANITY.

Oh, tell me friend, if thou canst tell,
Why man is all his pride,
Thou' stepped in sin, may quite as well
In honor still abide;
While woman, weak, and unprepared
To face the frowns of life,
Is trodden down, nor is it cared
How ends with her the strife?
'Tis said that Eve to Adam gave
The apple from the tree,
But times have changed and man, the
KNAVE,
With selfish hand we see
Now plucking fruit more dear than life,
And giving woman, what?
The refuse, with corruption ripe,
But good he giveth not!
Oh friend how can such monstrous wrong,
Exist in Christian land?
Oh, Lord of all, how long, how long
Shall such injustice stand?
Send forth thy quick avenging sword
And smite with sudden awe,
The wretch, who, with fond loving words
Is woman's deadly foe,
And let thy people, Lord, soon learn
The helping hand to give,
And sympathize with those who yearn
A better life to live,
And let us all, shun vain desires
Which well deserve their
Remembering too, "The pure in heart
Are blessed in seeing God."
Knoxville, June 26th, 1875.

A Few Suggestions to College Graduates.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

The season of annual commencements, reunions, alumni dinners, class exercises, and other adjuncts of our national educational regime, has apparently come to be recognized so generally by the public as a sort of prolonged holiday occasion, ordained for the express purpose of lending the public endorsement to the student's maxim concerning them of "Acti labores juvenili" (finished labors are pleasant), that a word of protest seems to us a matter of duty, and in order; and for the reason: That any such idea in itself as that the student graduate is in any sense to be held as having "finished" his literary "labor," even to the sense of a release from the toll incident to the state of adolescent mental life in which he has been hitherto living is a gross error, and not conducive to proper employment of his mental powers so far acquired.

Literary labors are never finished, and graduations are not the end of student plodding to the true disciple of knowledge. Accretion is not a law of childhood alone, it is the adjunct of all real life; and he who sits down to rest upon the cushion of indolent content, with his present mental status, is no true man.

To our mind there is no sadder sight than that of the young man or woman, just out of school—graduated as we say—seemingly content to be relegated to the ranks of the do-nothings, and to be satisfied with what they have already acquired, and selfishly, to sit down in a state of inertia, and non-employment of their educational acquisitions as though the highest office of educated humanity, was to enact the part of sponge, which absorbs, but never gives out, and to our mind the man or woman who thus acts the part of the parasitical absorptive mentioned, is no less than a literary thief—living abstracted, or rather beggared, from the common stock of the world's knowledge, without having rendered an equivalent. Society educates, and society has a right to demand that the educated shall repay to society for so doing—surely it is time that our young men and women were taught that colleges and academies are not charitable institutions, like our city soup houses, where people are fed as beggars without any thought of pay—and that in this case, the pay is not the dollars and cents paid for room-rent, food and tuition simply—but the higher and better requital of use of knowledge thus gained for the common good of mankind. Knowledge is power, but woe to him or her who shall possess power so potent for weal of men, if he or she shall selfishly refuse to employ it as that good shall ensue to those who need its offices.

We are led to these remarks through notice of the large number of graduates "turned out" from our literary institutions this year, and comparison with that of former years; and further by comparison of graduation lists of last year with the numbers of men and women who have seemingly used their education to some purpose, and because the disproportion has seemed to us startling. What becomes of our college graduates? What use are they making of their capital of acquired skill in art, science and letters? Is it not lamentably true that too many and by far the larger portion of these recipients of society's beneficence (through endowment of institutions of learning) on their behalf, have absolutely failed to use the gift as a sense of duty (or decent gratitude, even) would seem to prompt?

And here, again, a matter relative comes in: Is our educational regime of the proper order? Is the education acquired, of the practical sort? Doubtless not as thoroughly so as it might, or should be, but nevertheless of sufficiently practical character to warrant success in the use of it, and the blame not so much resident here as in the fact of false views of the proper use of knowledge on the part of our graduates, making it a matter of self gratification and selfish pride, rather than use as a power lent to the user for the good of all, and also of the fault of parents and teachers in not sufficiently instructing and impressing these young men and women with the truthfulness of the maxim that "He who knows to do, and does it not, is worse than a fool, for the fool is excused by not knowing," and that education is

not meant for self gratification, nor is it ever completed. All of these graduates may not find it to advantage to themselves or the world at large to enter upon literary pursuits, but the larger number might, and should seek to use their capital of learning by "giving freely as they have received," to those who have not. As teachers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, editors, or what not, using their knowledge, and not "hiding their light under a bushel," since educated men and women are not so numerous as to overstock the market or necessitate the idleness of any. L. F. C.

John Blanchard's Aunt.

She was talking of returning home when young John, walking home from school one evening, was seen to leap clear from the ground and heard to exclaim:

"I'll do it this very night!"
That evening his weary aunt, reclining on the sofa, asked him to bring her a glass of water. Floating on top of the water was a pumpkin seed, rubbed as smooth as glass, and securely tied around the seed was a silk thread twenty feet long. She raised the glass and down went the seed, and pretty soon she coughed two or three times and complained of a tickling in her throat. He reached out and gave the string a pull, and she sprang up with a yell.

"Did something bite you?" he inquired with great solicitude.

"I've got a ha-ha-ha-ha in my throat—a-h-h-h!" she gasped, coughing vigorously.

"May be you swallowed a hair snake!" he suggested, giving the string another pull.

"I did—I did—a-h-h-h!" she screamed, "I feel it biting me!"

"Does it seem to move?" he asked jerking the string again.

"Yes—ah!" she yelled, clawing at her throat.

Her hand struck the string, and after a little investigation she found that it was attached to something.

"Well now—you've swallowed the toy I made for baby!" he said, as he hauled in on the string and lifted her off the lounge.

She laughed—gasp—made motions and rolled her eyes, and but kept jerking the string, while he sympathized with her, and demanded to know how he could aid her. His mother was down to the grocery, and when she returned she found the aunt choking and coughing in the big arm chair and John stood ten feet off holding the string and telling her to cough hard, while he pulled.

It was finally decided to cut the string close to her mouth and let her swallow it, but all night she tossed and groaned and sighed for fear she had swallowed a lead nickel or a horse fly instead of a pumpkin seed.

She took the car for home yesterday, and when John serenely kissed her good-by at the depot and slipped a well-worn envelope into her pocket, she wiped her eyes and said that it seemed to her as if he wouldn't live long—he was so good.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Cost of a Meal in San Francisco.

San Francisco is famed for its restaurants. In no city in America are there establishments so numerous in proportion to the population. They number between two and three hundred, and it is safe to say that at least thirty thousand people take their meals at them. They are of all grades and prices—from the "Poodle Dog," Martin's and the Malson Doree, where a meal costs from \$1.50 to \$2.00—down to the Miners' Restaurant, where it costs only forty cents.

Between these extremes are a large number of French, German, and Italian restaurants, where one may get a royal breakfast for half a dollar, a lunch for twenty-five cents, and a dinner, including clerk, for seventy-five cents, a la carte.

For a tenderloin steak (and there is no better beef in the world than here), potatoes, bread and butter, and a cup of coffee will cost fifty cents; a lamb chop, potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee twenty-five cents; a salmon, bread and butter, and coffee twenty-five cents; an omelet or eggs, boiled, fried or scrambled, with coffee, and bread and butter, thirty-five cents. A grade lower down, but in places clean and entirely respectable, one gets three dishes for twenty-five cents, and may find quite a decent meal for twenty to thirty cents.—Samuel Williams, Scribner for July.

Motherless.

Three little golden heads at the upper window and a long line of carriage bells on the street below. Nods and blinks, and laughs and claps his little dimpled hands as his eye is caught by the nodding plumes on the hearse; and presently the procession moves down the street, and mother has gone forever. The men from the undertaker's remove the traces of the funeral; the parlor is in their wanted order, except perhaps, the curtains are not looped so gracefully, the furniture is not disposed as tastefully, and the little blotches are not in their accustomed places. In mother's room there's a child and a pin all about everything, so different from its usual look of comfort. A bright June sunlight is gleaming through the half-opened blinds, but it does not seem to give warmth or cheer. The toys are brought out, but the children's smile of them. There's something gone—they scarce realize what. By and by baby begins to fret, and nurse gets cross. Poor little darling! mamma's pet! how tenderly she would have soothed him with soft lullabies. And then papa comes home and gathers the little folk around his knee, and tries to tell them something of the beautiful home to which mamma has gone; but they want her sadly here; they can't think why the Good Father should want her so much more.

(Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.)

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The irrepressible Sam. Ward called on the Postmaster General to-day and presented a bulky petition asking his retention as postmaster at Atlanta, Ga. The Postmaster General informed him that it was too late, that his resignation had been accepted, to take effect the 30th of this month. Sam denied that he had ever written any letter of resignation. When Gov. Jewell handed him his letter to the President begging to remain in office until the close of the fiscal year, he still denied that it was a letter of resignation, and then spoke of the losses he had suffered during the war. Jewell asked him if he knew he had not been incurred on the Confederate side and he responded in the affirmative. Mr. Ward finally left convinced that he could accomplish nothing with the Postmaster General.

THE SUGG FORT CLAIM.

Criminal Prosecutions Talked About.

The particulars of the fraudulent Sugg Fort claim have already been made public through the medium of these dispatches. The Treasury Department has just been advised by the United States Attorney for the Middle District of Tennessee that the suit instituted to recover the \$23,700 paid out has been decided in favor of the Government. The civil suit having been brought to a successful termination, the Treasury Department holds that criminal suits should be brought in that District against ex-Representative Butler, of Tennessee, and the others through whose false representations the Department was induced to pay the money. Accordingly to-day Mr. Buford Wilson, Solicitor of the Treasury, addressed a letter to the United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, calling his attention to the facts of the case, and suggesting the propriety of criminal proceedings being at once instituted to bring the guilty parties to justice.—Wash. Special to Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Collins' Croquet Set.

Croquet, that eminently fascinating game, was introduced on the premises of the Collins' family. In the afternoon, Podge's boy brought up the set, and before long Mrs. Collins arranged the wickets. Collins had learned to play when visiting in Glovershire, last summer, and Mrs. Collins acquired an indifferent knowledge of the game from two elderly maiden sisters in Paxton street. And so on that delicious Friday afternoon they took out their mallets and balls and commenced the game.

"Now, Emmeline, playfully observed Mr. Collins, 'don't you begin cheating at the start. If you do, the game will be prostituted to mere gambling, and we'll injure our moral natures in trying to build up our physical!'"

"People who are so ready to charge against others may need close watching themselves, young man," said she, in the same spirit, "and I mean to keep a sharp eye on you!"

"But it will be a good thing for you," he said, with a tinge of tenderness in his voice, "you are kept cooped up in the house so that you can hardly get a breath of fresh air. This will give you exercise, and keep you out of doors too."

"You are always thinking of me," said she, as her eyes grew moist. "You need the outdoor air as much as I do, but you are too unselfish to think of yourself."

And thus exchanging sentiments which did credit to both their hearts, the game proceeded.

After passing through the center wicket Mr. Collins used his ball to help himself through the other wicket to the upper field. Then he left her near the first wicket, and struck for the stake, which, being about eight inches distant, made him consider. She was now in position for her wicket, and passed through it and others to the stake, but missed it. Then he came up by a well-directed blow to within two inches of the stake.

And when she got through she was fast for half a dollar, and his ball was at the other end of the ground again, and his brow was finely corrugated. He stepped nervously toward it. It was quite evident that he was not untroubled. When his turn came again he drove back to the stake, but struck a wicket, and rebounded so close to her that she nearly hit him, and again introduced him through wickets, and was not far, and then sent him flying again. Her success caused her to laugh, and he heard it.

"You think you are pretty smart, but I will out even with you," he said, without smiling.

"You'll have to play better than you have done," she pertinently suggested.

"I think I know as much about croquet as you do," he said, still with a straight face.

"If you had any fairness about you, you'd let me have that stroke over you, I was so close to the stake. You knew I slipped as well as I did, growing red in the face."

"No, I didn't know anything about it," she replied, taking on a little color.

"I say you did. But if you are going to play this game, why don't you go ahead?"

"I'll play when I get ready," he answered, turning white about the mouth.

"If you ain't going to play, you had better go into the house and shut up," she suggested, raising her voice.

"Don't you talk to me that way," he cried, "or I'll make you sorrow if you bring down hussy."

"Hussy, hussy!" she screamed. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, John Jacob Collins, to use such a word? Hussy is an old villain's word. Hussy is it, you miserable brute. I'm to be called a hussy, am I, after working my knuckles off for you, and slaving for thirty years for your crooked carcass. There, she cried in a paroxysm, throwing the mallet on the ground, "take your old croquet and shove it down your lying throat and choke yourself to death with it, if you want to, you miserable old wretch. And don't you ever ask me to play with you again, or I'll tell you something you'll remember the longest day you live, you old devil."

And then she went into the house, leaving him standing there and rubbing his head in a dumfounded sort of way. But almost immediately after she thrust her head out of the window and snapped out:

"You needn't think you are going to get any more of your own tea in this house this night, young man, and you can't play in your pipe and smoke it just as soon as you have a mind to."

The Farmer's Creed.

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. The soil loves to be well and nurtured. We believe in large crops, which leaves the land better than they found it, making both the farm and the farmer richer at the same time. We believe in deep plowing followed by the subsoiler. We believe in brain-work joined with industry, intelligence and energetic zeal, as among the best kind of fertilizers; and that plaster and other manures will be of but little profit, if not used in connection with these.

We also believe in a clean kitchen, a sensible, willing wife, a sewing piano, a neat cupboard, skilfully managed dairy, an orderly house, and tongue and temper well controlled. We firmly believe in farmers who will not improve; in farms that grow poorer every year; in half-starved stock standing shivering unsheltered in the cold; in farmers' boys shunning labor by seeking to become clerks; farmers turning their backs on their farms and trying to make merchants; or farmers' daughters refusing to learn to make themselves useful as well as ornamental; and we most firmly believe in any and all farmers who are ashamed of their calling, and who refuse to "labor six days in the week and do all their work."—Rural Sun.

HIS TWO WIDOWS.

What Was Found Out After an Iowa Man's Death.

(Des Moines Special to the Chicago Tribune.)

On Saturday last Louis Walker died at West Liberty. Before his death he expressed the earnest desire that, if he died, he should be buried on the farm where he formerly lived, near Bevington, a station on the Winterset Branch of the Rock Island road, about 18 miles from this city. The stricken wife, filled with love for him, and with a heart broken with sorrow and grief, sought to fulfill the wishes of her dead husband. She procured a burial case, started on her errand, and passed through here on Monday. She arrived at Bevington a stranger to everybody. Of the station agent she inquired as to the location of the farm where her husband was to be buried. The agent informed who it was that was to be buried, and on being told, he quickly foresaw a very unpleasant affair. The widow had come to bury her husband on the premises of a man whose daughter, then at home, was the wife of the deceased. The agent, after some consideration, deemed it best to inform the widow of the facts. She received the story with perfect astonishment, and could scarcely believe her late husband guilty of such baseness; but, on being assured it was so, she became indignant, and left the body with the citizens, to be conveyed to wife No. 1 (whose first knowledge for years of the whereabouts of her husband was his arrival in a burial case), to be disposed of as she saw fit, and taking the first train, she returned to her home. Since her departure, it has been discovered that Walker had still another wife in Missouri.

The Inventor of the Wheelbarrow.

It takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes.

Who do you think invented that very simple thing called the wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo de Vinci.

And who was he?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect, sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He wasn't a "Jack of all trades and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical working genius.

When did he live?

Somewhere about the time Columbus discovered America.

And where was he born?

In the beautiful city of Florence in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little acquainted with him when I tell you that it was Leonardo de Vinci who painted one of the grandest pictures in the world—the "Last Supper"—a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of our Lord and His disciples; though I am told that, without seeing the painting itself, no one can form a notion of how grand and beautiful it is.

And only to think of the thousands of poor, hard-working Americans who really own of their wheelbarrow, an original work, in Leonardo de Vinci's—St. Nicholas.

LOADER.

His Employers Say He is a Liar and a Thief.

Joseph Loader is an Englishman by birth who was employed in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pretends to have worked in Mr. Tilton's house, he did not reside in either the city of New York or of Brooklyn, and did no business in either. His employers in the upholstery business by various firms in New York down to about 1865, when he started in trade for himself. In 1868 he failed under creditable circumstances, and went through bankruptcy. From 1868 until the fall of 1870 he was practically out of business, and at the time that he pret